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[BY REQUEST.]

The White Rose of Miami.

Let me stay at my home, in the beautiful West,
Where I played when a child,—in my age let me rest;
Where the bright prairies bloom, and the wild waters play,
In the home of my heart, dearest friends, let me stay!

O, here let me stay, where my chief, in the pride,
Of a brave warrior youth, wandered forth from my side,
Where he laid at my feet, the young hunter's best prey,
While I roamed a wild huntress,—O, friends let me stay!

Let me stay where the prairies I've oft wandered thro',
While my moccasins brushed from the flowers the dew,
Where my warrior would pluck the wild blossoms and say,
His White Rose was the fairest,—O, friends let me stay!

O, here let me stay! where bright plumes from the wing
Of the bird that his arrow had pierced,—he would bring;
Where in parting for battle, he softly would say,
'Tis to shield thee I fight,—O, with him let me stay!

Let me stay, though the strength of my Chieftain is o'er,
Though his warriors he leads to the battle no more,
He loves through the woods a wild hunter to stray,
His heart clings to home,—O, there let me stay!

Let me stay where my children, in childhood have played,
When through the green forest they often have strayed,
They never could tend to the white man's cold away,
For their hearts are of fire,—O, there let me stay!

You tell me of leaves of the Spirit that speak,
But the Spirit I own, in the bright stars I seek;
In the prairie, in the forest, the waters wild play,
I see him, I hear him, O, then let me stay!

—The Marysville Express thus poetizes:

With rosin, lard, tar, coal, and wood,
The Buckeye's time was very good,
But faster will she have to kite
To catch the Swan or David White.

—Speaking of the world, there is a good deal of truth in the words of Bickerstaff:

The world is a well furnished table,
Where guests are promiscuously set;
Where all fare as well as they're able,
And scramble for what they can get.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

When woman's rights are stirred a bit,
The first reform she pitches on
Is how she may, with least delay,
Just draw a pair of breeches on.

—This item must have been written by an unfortunate old bachelor who had been jilted by some unmerciful fair one:—

"Marriage is like a flashing candle light,
Placed in the window on a summer night,
Inviting all the insects of the air
To come and sing their pretty wickets there;

Those that are out, butt heads against the pane,
Those that are in, butt to get out again."

—A clergyman in the west of England, preached during the whole of Lent, in a town, where he never was invited to dinner. He said in his farewell sermon, "I have preached against every vice except that of good living which I believe is not to be found among you, and therefore needed not my reproach."

—A clergyman, wishing to know whether the children of his parishioners understood their Bible, asked a lad that he one day found reading the Old Testament, who was the wickedest man. "Moses, to be sure," said the boy. "Moses!" exclaimed the parson; "Moses! how can that be?" "Why," said the lad, "he broke all the commandments at once."

REMEDY FOR CANCER.—Col. Ussery, of the parish of De Soto, informs the editor of the Caddo Gazette that he fully tested a remedy for this troublesome disease, recommended to him by a Spanish woman, a native of the country. The remedy is this: Take an egg and break it, pour out the white, retaining the yolk in the shell, put in salt and mix with the yolk as long as it will receive it, stir them together until the salvo is formed; put a portion of this on a piece of sticking-plaster, and apply to the cancer about twice a day. He has tried the remedy in his own family with complete success.

From Arthur's Home Gazette.

Light Weight.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

It generally happens that those who try to overreach others, overreach themselves in the end. This was the case with farmer Edmonds. He was laying up money as fast as any of his neighbors, whose means of accumulation were no greater than his own, and ought to have been satisfied and thankful. But, unfortunately, the desires of farmer Edmonds, like those of a great many other people,

were always a little in advance of his income. Once a week he came, regularly, to the Philadelphia market, a distance of fifteen miles, with his produce; and he never went home entirely satisfied with the amount received for his poultry, eggs, butter, fruit or vegetables, unless prices were at the highest mark on the scale.—The wry face of a customer who paid him thirty-eight cents for a pound of butter, or twenty-five cents for a dozen of eggs, was a pleasant rather than a disagreeable object to his eyes, for so he won, he cared not a farthing who lost.

One day, Mr. G——, a well known citizen, who had frequently bought from Edmonds, stopped at the stall where the farmer exhibited his various articles for sale, and taking hold of a pair of fine-looking chickens, asked the price.

"Seventy-five," replied the farmer. The chickens were large, and Mr. G——, did not think the price high.

"Are they young and tender," he inquired.

"Is it possible," said Edmonds, smiling in a peculiar way, "that an old market like you can't tell a pair of young chickens?"

Now, Mr. G—— could buy poultry with almost any one. It was not often that a tough old rooster or gobbler was passed off upon him: but on the present occasion, the words of the farmer completely disarmed him. Of course the chickens must be so tender that the skin would almost break from looking at them, and he felt a little piqued that he had not been able to perceive this instantly; so lifting them from the hooks and placing them in his basket, he said—"I guess I'll take them."

Seventy-five cents were handed over and pecked by the farmer without any compunctions, notwithstanding the pair of bipeds sold to Mr. G—— might have belonged to Noah's menagerie, for all the teeth of those who happened to be called to eat them would be able to tell to the contrary.

As G—— walked home, he recalled the particular expression and tone of the farmer, and suspicion that all was not right flitted through his mind; but he had dealt with Edmonds for years, and though he had always found him close and well up to the market prices, he had never detected him in seeking to gain an advantage over a customer. He wished, however, that he had used his own judgment in making the purchase, instead of buying on so equivocal a recommendation as the farmer's.

"If these chickens should be tough," muttered he to himself, in a threatening way, as he walked along, "he's had the last dollar of my money."

Dinner time came, and Mr. G—— went home from his place of business. As he sat down to the table, a large, plump pair of chickens were before him, beautifully browned, and their savory odor penetrated the olfactory sense with a grateful promise of good things for the palate. The incident of the morning had left its prominent place in the memory, and no suspicion of toughness was in the mind of Mr. G—— as he drew, with an active hand, the great carving knife athwart the sharpening steel.

"A fine, large pair of chickens," said Mrs. G——, "what did they cost?"

"Three-quarters,"

"That was not dear."

"No; I thought it reasonable."

"If they are only tender, Hannah said she didn't think they were very young."

"Well soon know about that," remarked Mr. G——, a recollection of what had occurred at the time of their purchase crossing his mind at the moment. Driving his fork into the breast bone of one of them, he held it firmly while he cut around a wing and endeavored to sever that appendage from the body; but the wing was so firmly held in its place by sundry ligaments, well developed by long use, to permit an easy accomplishment of this task. Mr. G——, however, had a strong hand and good resolution, and against these, aided by a sharp knife, even the wing of a seven year old rooster could not long maintain a defensive.

The member at length came off, but in doing so, was driven over the side of the dish upon the table cloth.

Mr. G—— looked at the edge of his knife for a moment.

"My knife must be very dull," said he, "or else this chicken is as old as Methusalem."

A vigorous application of the blade to the steel followed, and then the other wing was taken in hand. It came off about as easy as the first. The legs were dislocated and detached more quickly, and, in due time, the fowl, separated into portions according to the most approved rules of carving, lay spread forth upon the dish; but this task had not been accomplished by Mr. G—— without considerable muscular exertion, which was apparent from the beads of perspiration collected on his forehead and about his lips.

"Well, that beats all!" he exclaimed, as he laid down his knife and fork and applied his white handkerchief to his face. "The teeth that go through that will need filing."

"Try the other," said Mrs. G——; "perhaps it is more tender."

"If it isn't, we shall be bad off for a dinner," returned Mr. G——, as he resumed his carving, and went to work on the second bird. After severing one of the wings he gave it up in despair; it was

even tougher than the first.

"How in the world did you come to buy such a pair of fowls?" said Mrs. G——. "You certainly never could have tried them."

"If I had, I certainly never would have bought them. Edmonds has cheated me for once in his life, but he'll never do it again."

"Did he sell you that pair of chickens as young and tender?"

"He did, to all intents and purposes."

"I didn't believe that of him."

"Nor did I. He's always up to the market, and deals close, but his things have been good. Well, he'll make nothing by this operation; no man ever cheats me twice. He's had the last dollar of my money."

"I don't know what we'll do without butter," said Mrs. G——, "if you stop buying from him."

"There is just as good butter in the market as his," replied Mr. G——, as he commenced helping to portions of the tough chicken he had succeeded in carving by main strength.

"Perhaps there is, but we never succeeded in getting it so uniformly good as that of Edmonds'."

"You may send for it, if you choose, but I will never spend another dollar with the bare-faced, cheating rascal," said Mr. G——, in an indignant tone.

The attempt to masticate the chicken proved altogether unsuccessful, and was soon abandoned. The children ate the dressing while Mr. and Mrs. G—— made the vegetables that were on the table serve for their first course, and supplied all deficiencies when the dessert appeared.

To have been so completely taken in, annoyed Mr. G—— terribly, and he could not so much as smile at the adroitness with which the thing was done.—Edmonds came to market every Saturday, and Mr. G—— had usually bought from him as much butter as would last for the week. On Thursday evening succeeding the affair of the chickens, Mrs. G—— remarked with some surprise in her voice, that the small piece of butter on the table was all that remained of the six pounds bought at the last market day.

"And to-morrow's only Friday," said Mr. G——.

"I used to last us up to Saturday, until within the last two months, but now it always gives out."

"Our family's no larger."

"No; nor do we use any more of it in cooking than formerly."

Mr. G—— thought a moment, and then said with some animation—"I think I understand it. Have you noticed any difference in the size of the prints?"

On reflection, Mrs. G—— thought she had noticed them as appearing smaller."

"That's it, you may depend on't; the butter isn't weight. A man who will cheat in one way will cheat in another."

"He wouldn't dare do that."

"Why?"

"The risk is too great."

"A rogue will risk a good deal."

"His butter would be taken from him by clerk of the market."

"It's my impression that Edmonds hasn't much butter in his tub by the time the clerk gets along to the place where he stands. There's the temptation. But we'll give him a trial. Send for our usual quantity on Saturday—I won't go near him—and we'll have it weighed."

This was done, and, sure enough, a loss in weight was discovered. Out of six pounds, four were light.

"I've got my man now!" exclaimed G——, not attempting to conceal the pleasure he felt. "Next Saturday he will probably become more familiarly acquainted with the clerk than he has yet been."

It was too true, as G—— had discovered. In his anxiety to render his dairy operations profitable, the farmer had been tempted to encroach upon the legal weight of butter due his customers. He had been coming to market so long, and his butter had been so often examined by the clerk, that the inspection of his tub had ceased to be rigid. Moreover his customers were early, and it frequently happened that but few prints remained when the clerk came along in his way.—If from some forty or fifty pounds he could pinch off enough to make five or six prints, it would be a handsome gain every week. He looked at it on every side, calculated the risk and the benefit, and finally resolved to make a beginning. Twelve prints out of forty were tried; from these he gained two extra which sold for fifty cents. Emboldened by this result, the next week he tried twenty pounds, and made one dollar by the operation. When the clerk came round, the light butter was usually all gone, or if any remained, it was so managed that none of it found its way into his scales.

After selling the tough chickens to G——, the farmer felt a little uncomfortable, for G—— was an old and good customer, and he didn't wish to lose him. Of course, when the fowls came upon the table, G—— would discover that he had been taken in, and would in all probability be highly indignant. That he was not far out of the way in his conjecture, he was satisfied on the next market day, when he saw G—— go by his stand without once looking towards him.

In the week succeeding, the farmer's evil genius tempted him still further from the right path. The whole of his butter, with the exception of some ten pounds,

which were to serve as a screen when the clerk came along, was moulded into prints that weighed considerably less than a pound. With this, among other products of his farm, Edmonds went to market, flattering himself that he would be a clear gainer by the operation of from two or three dollars.

But human calculations are sometimes vain. Scarcely had farmer Edmonds disposed of a dozen pounds of his fine fresh butter, when the market clerk stopped before him with his handsome brass scales in his hand, and said—"I guess I must go a little deeper into your tub this morning than usual, friend Edmonds.—There's nothing, you know, like keeping you folks honest."

There was an instant change in the expression of the farmer's face, which the clerk did not fail to observe. Setting down his basket with the air of one who expected to put something into it, the clerk laid aside the lumps that formed the upper stratum of butter, and took a print from beneath. Placing it in his scales in opposition to a pound weight, it arose instantly towards the receding beam.

"That's bad!" said he, removing the lump of butter to his basket, and placing another in the scale, which proved as light as its predecessor, and was soon laid by its side. And lump after lump followed, to the grief and chagrin of the exposed farmer, until between thirty and forty had passed from his tub to the basket of the clerk. During the progress of this scene, a little crowd was attracted, all of whom, from the merry newsboy to the staid Guardian of the Poor, who made a careful examination of the tub to see how much the inmates of the Alms-house were to gain by the operation, enjoyed the countryman's mortification. He, poor fellow, hid his diminished head as quickly as it could be done after the departure of the clerk, and went back to his home a little wiser if no better.

"You met with a rather bad accident last week," said G—— to the farmer. He could not resist the inclination he felt to see him once more.

"Why, ye-yes," stammered Edmonds, coloring to the eyes. "But it wasn't my butter; it was some I brought for a neighbor."

"Indeed—was it. Then I suppose the butter I've had from you for the last two months was from the dairy of that same neighbor?"

Edmonds was so confused at this unexpected question that he was unable to reply.

"And the tough chickens," added G——. "They were your neighbors also, I presume."

The farmer turned his back suddenly on his customer, and the latter, feeling that he had punished him sufficiently, went on his way.

Butter that proves light of weight always belongs to a neighbor.

Pisciculture.

We devoted some space in our columns a few months since (says the N. Y. Tribune) to an account of recent experiments in France in extending the production of fish, experiments so satisfactory in their results in their then stage of progress as to lead to well-founded hopes that by a little care and exertion every brook and rivulet may be made to afford a large increase to our means of subsistence.

The place where at the present time the principal experiment is in progress is the village of Huningen and its environs, in Alsace, a few miles from Basle, in Switzerland. The French Government, a few months since, loaned 30,000 francs to MM. Berthot and Detzem, to enable them to make all needful preparations and arrangements to carry on the experiment at this place on a scale that should prove decisive.

The Superintendent of this establishment, M. Coste, made a report in February last to the Academy of Sciences upon the progress which he had made, and the report is published in one of the April numbers of Dingler's Polytechnic Journal, a very respectable German publication.

His treatment of the spawn of salmon and trout had proved so satisfactory in its results, that he has no doubt of having by June, that is four months from the date of the report, 600,000 young fish of these two species with which to furnish the rivers, all sufficiently grown to be secure from the ordinary dangers to which the minnow is exposed. In the brooks of Huningen in which the spawn is hatched, over a million of salmon and trout eggs have been placed, of which 120,000 were spawned along the bank of the Rhine under the eye of the Director.

The enormous productiveness of this establishment may be imagined when a years space is taken into consideration, for no sooner are the present varieties of fish distributed from the brooks and ponds, than their places will be supplied by the young of the Danube salmon and shad, which spawn only in the spring, thus keeping up a constant succession.

The new branch of industry is already spread at Huningen, over a space some 7 1/2 miles in extent, where the waters of ten natural fountains, that of a small stream passing through the establishment, those of the Rhine and the standing waters of marshy ground, are all found near each other, and at hand to mingle in such proportions as may be necessary for different species. Hopes are entertained that sturgeon and other fish, which require the sea and fresh water by turns, may thus be raised, and that by placing them

in the Rhine when young, the bays of the Mediterranean may once more be stocked with fish.

Successful experiments, by means of ponds of salt water, have been made upon the shores of the Adriatic, in the Pontine marshes and in the Gulf of Naples, the artificial production of salt water fish.

The Polytechnic Journal mentioned above, contains a full description of the simple process employed at Huningen, but these have been sufficiently explained in the former article published in The Tribune. The obtaining of the spawn by pressing the fecund fish is in fact nothing more than a simple act of midwifery—so to speak, the main thing being the proper care and protection of the eggs so obtained; and the enormous multiplication of fish is owing simply to the fact that they are thus saved from the innumerable dangers to which they are exposed in the open rivers, and that each egg is afforded opportunity to produce its fish, instead of being devoured with myriads of others, by birds, fish and other animals which prey upon them. This new art might easily be transplanted to the U. States, and it would be worth while for some of our State Legislatures to inquire into it with a view to the forming of establishments and the stocking of the rivers with a great abundance of the most delicious kinds of fish.

We publish the following as we find it in our exchanges, without vouching for the truth of the statements made. If this remedy for defective eyesight (which consists simply in cupping), is effectual to give permanent relief, the discovery is certainly one of the most important of the age.

THE NEW REMEDY.—Large numbers of citizens of Baltimore, satisfied with the explanation and practical effects of the simple remedy of D. Brainerd, for the cure of defective sight, have applied the means with great benefit. The following is taken from the Republican & Argus.

WONDERS NEVER CEASE.—Last evening the large Hall of the Maryland Institute was crowded to its utmost capacity to hear the lecture and witness the experiments performed on the eye by Dr. C. Brainerd, of New York. The Doctor having stated that he would make the blind see, many thought it a humbug, and so pronounced it; but at the close of his interesting lecture, the Doctor gave a general invitation to those who were blind, near-sighted or had weak eyes, to come on the platform and he would do all that he professed. Quite a number of ladies and gentlemen went forward and in the space of three minutes each declared their eye had been improved. This morning we visited the Doctor's room, at the institute, and while there saw his simple application applied to a lad aged 11 years, and son of Mr. Nicholas Richeir, No. 223 S. Charles street, who had been blind in the right eye for six years. After the cup had been applied for the space of one minute, it was removed when the left eye was closed and the little fellow was requested to walk across the room. He immediately complied with the request, and cried out "Father, father, I can see!"

He was then handed several articles, all of which he named correctly, and described several persons who were standing in the room. The joy of the father and son can be better imagined than described.

The application was also made to Mr. C. R. Cunningham who resides at 146 Baltimore street, and has been blind for 32 years. He, in the short space of three minutes, declared he could see distinctly, and recognized several gentlemen he had not seen for 32 years. These are facts, and any one doubting them can call on the above mentioned gentlemen and be satisfied. Dr. Brainerd's room was crowded this morning with those who were so unfortunate as to have bad eyes, not one of whom who applied the application, but retired thanking him with a grateful heart. We regret that Dr. B's stay is so short, for we are sure there are thousands who wish to avail themselves of his wonderful cure. The Doctor will remain with us only a few days, and we would advise all who have the least defect in their eyes to visit him at once. We regret that our time and space will not allow us to give a more extended notice of the wonderful experiments of Dr. B., but it is best for all to go and see for themselves.

We also add the following, from the Clipper of yesterday morning:

The experiments were the most satisfactory and convincing. Some dozen persons who were afflicted with far and near-sightedness, inflammation of the eye and dimness of sight, applied the cups—and all acknowledged an improvement though the experiment in no case exceeded three minutes. One gentleman, who was very near-sighted, said that he would not take five hundred dollars and have his sight return to what it was before he applied the cups.

Another who saw better at a distance of fourteen feet, had the focus of his sight so changed that he could see best at the distance of about one foot. A lady who could not bear the glare of a lamp before her eyes a second without pain, was enabled, after the short application of the cups, to look for any length of time at the lamp placed close to her face, which she said she had not been able to do for years.

Agricultural.

Value of Poultry Manure.

It is lamentable, and disgusting even, to see what a waste is going on in this country of the richest and most valuable manure ever known. We are importing shipload after shipload of guano, (sea-bird manure,) while hundreds of tons of poultry manure, which is asserted to be equal in value, is suffered to go to waste in the United States. Each farmer's poultry yard produces so little, that it is suffered to go to waste, and thus the country loses over a million of dollars annually.

Having learned the value of poultry manure, we suppose now our readers would like to know what is the best method of saving it.

First build a poultry house, if it be no more than a rough scaffolding of poles or slabs, laid upon crotches, forming a double pitch roof with end boards in winter to keep out the wind and driving storms. Under this place parallel roosts; and the manure in the night will drop down into a narrow row beneath. Here place a light loam about a foot deep, rather wider and longer than the roost, and give it a sprinkling of Plaster of Paris an inch thick. When this is covered with manure an inch deep, give it a layer of loam four inches deep, another sprinkling of an inch of plaster, and so continue. In the spring, mix all well together, keep it free from rain, and use it at the rate of one pint to a hill of corn or a corresponding quantity for cucumbers, squashes, pumpkins, melons, peas, onions, strawberries, or any other fruit, vegetable or grain requiring rich manure, and our word for it you will have a crop of superior quality. Thus you will become one out of the many who are desirous to benefit himself, and assist in saving more than a million of dollars annually to the country.—Amer. Agriculturist.

Properties of Charcoal.

Among the many properties of charcoal may be mentioned its power of destroying smell, taste and color; and as a proof of its possessing the first quality, if it be rubbed over putrid meats, the flavor will be destroyed. If a piece of charcoal be thrown into putrid water, the putrid taste or smell will be destroyed, and the water rendered completely fresh. Sailors are aware of this; if water is bad at sea, they are in the habit of throwing pieces of burnt biscuits into it to purify it. Color is materially influenced by charcoal, and in numbers of instances in a very irregular way. If you take a dirty black syrup and filter it through burnt charcoal, the color will be removed. The charcoal of animal matter appears to be the best for this purpose. You may learn the influence of charcoal in destroying colors by filtering a bottle of port wine through it; in the filtration it will lose a great portion of its color and become tawny; repeat the process two or three times and you have destroyed it altogether.

Mush.

"Oh, how it makes me blush To hear the Pennsylvanians call thee Mush." The following is from a Michigan paper. Will our readers try it? If they prefer the word, they can call it "Hasty Pudding;" or if any of the descendants of the Knickerbockers insist upon calling it "Suppaw," nobody will quarrel with them. Mush, Hasty Pudding and Suppaw are all the same thing.

"A friend writes us as follows: In a late number you have something about mush. Let me suggest for the comfort of those who stir it an hour or two, and then labor a great while to wash out the pot in which they boil it, that all this trouble may be saved by cooking it in a tin pail, set in a pot of boiling water, and after it has cooked, letting it cool in the same, after which it will slip out in a mass, leaving all clean behind it. Whosoever tries this plan will never try the old one again, for it prevents the possibility of burning the mush, and dispenses with all care and trouble except occasionally to replenish the water in which the pail is set to boil. As to the length of time required the rule is 'the longer the better.'"

Boys are sometimes endowed, says the New Orleans Picayune, with remarkable memories. The Keen family, of the State of Texas, consisted of the three girls and a boy—the latter only three years old. They were all sitting round the fire one evening, engaged in telling how far back they could recollect. One of the girls recollected when she had "a doll that winked with both eyes."—Another recollected when she was "a little baby at the breast and Nancy tickled her feet." Johnny Keen, who was the last and the least of them all, said he recollected "tears than that."

"How wuss!" said all the girls in a breath.

"Oh! I recollect three weeks afore I 'a born, and how I cried all the time for fear I'd be a gal!"

Hon. Mr. Fish of the Connecticut Senate, is Chairman of the Committee on the Freerigration of Trade.